

THE DAILY SILVER BELT

THE SILVER BELT PUBLISHING CO.

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The Silver Belt will be mailed upon request to subscribers leaving the city during the summer months. Change of address will be made as frequently as desired; notices of such change should give both the old and new address. Call at the office or phone any change you wish before leaving the city. The subscription rate is the same out of town as in the city.

GLOBE'S CHILDREN

The child that is born and reared in Globe is surrounded by many favorable conditions. He lives in a climate which permits him to be out in the open air and the sunlight nearly every day in the year. His amusements, while not varied, are largely those that cannot be found in the average city. The little tots of Globe are, probably, not aware that their thousands of city cousins in the far east would view them with eyes literally green with envy, could they but see them moving through the street on an ambling burro. This envy of the eastern hopefuls would assume still greater and more poignant proportions if the extensive operations of miniature mines conducted by Globe children in the sides of the canyons were brought to their notice. Yes! The pastimes of our children are decidedly novel, but they are all too few. And there is much that they miss.

The halcyon age of childhood is, of all others, through which the human being passes, the particular one that should, in the humdrum life of after years, bring us memories richly freighted with pleasure. The details of that half-savage and withal irresponsible existence always retains inviolate a certain sanctity in our minds. To recall our swimings and paddlings in the pools and streams of our childhood haunts is a pleasure to which the grownups frequently have recourse to while moiling in environs of brick and steel. The thousand and one foolish little games of childhood, even our heartbreaking escapades with juvenile sweethearts in pin-afores or rompers, often recur to us with roseate romance enhanced by the intervening years. The griefs that so often endangered our childish happiness are, for the most part, forgotten. But the pleasant memories remain, a perpetual source of comfort.

But think of the child that has missed all these pastimes of childhood. He has been cheated out of a most valuable legacy. He has ample grounds for a grievance against mankind. His parents may not be surprised if, in later years, he reproaches them for permitting him to miss what was best in that period of his life. And to their dying day the man or woman, whose lot in life never included childhood playing in plenty, has lost something that is ir retrievable. Juvenile playing is as necessary to the proper development of a normal healthy adult as is the air we breathe or the food we eat. Childish make-believe is usually regarded by grown people as nothing more than play or fooling. But as a matter of fact, it is a most serious occupation to the child. If you don't believe this, just watch a group of tots at play. In every gesture of their hands, in every lineament of their faces, one can see that, to them, at least, they are unconsciously learning, through imitation of grown people, to ultimately be prepared for the earnest work of the world of which, in a few years they are to become an integral part.

The nature of a child craves some outlet for surplus nervous energy. In movement and exercise there is growth. In inaction and lack of mental stimulus are retrogression and arrested development. Deprive the child of healthful play, and surprise at his showing criminal tendencies need not be great. It is a natural and inevitable outcome. One need, then, look no further for an explanation of the crimes that make juvenile courts in our large cities necessary. These children, lacking any field for le-

gitimate exercise of their growing faculties, seek excitement and amusement in forbidden ways. When anything else is not available for pastime, the presence of a burly blue coated joliceman, who will respond to a proper stimulus by chasing them, is a source of enjoyment and exhilaration not to be overlooked—and, as a rule, it isn't. The children who do these things are not criminal at heart. They are simply observing a natural instinct to seek new experience.

Now, while Globe children are not deprived of means of play to any degree approaching the children of large cities, yet it must be admitted that the kinds of play here available are few. To ride abroad of a summer morning on the "hurricane deck" of a burro may be very exhilarating and healthful; to dig a four foot tunnel in the side of a hill is also a heaven-sent outlet for childish energy. But these amusements are not all-sufficing. The trees to climb, the brooks to wade in, the grass to roll on, and the flowers to pick or to cultivate are woefully absent here. Nature has thus decreed. But there is no reason why, through proper efforts of the residents, even this perverse dame might not be induced to provide all these things for the children of Globe.

Two or three public playgrounds, laid out in different parts of the city, would not prove, in any sense, expensive, and would gain the lifelong gratitude of our world of little ones. In promoting the establishment of adequate means of play for the small boys and girls lies a task that could be best accomplished by the influence of the mothers of this city. And the augmented happiness of their children would be a fitting reward. To have several small plots of land set aside by the city for this purpose would not work a hardship on anyone, and after the playgrounds were once established, their financial support would not be a burden of any great proportions for the city administration.

At a reasonable price, trapezes, flying rings, swings, handball courts and so forth could be installed. Swimming pools for girls and for boys would not be hard to construct and the land included in the playgrounds could be beautified with shrubs and trees. Nothing within reason that makes for more playing and enjoyment among the children is too great to undertake, and, surely, the providing of public playgrounds in Globe is decidedly practicable and necessary.

NAVAL CONTESTS

Another important step has been taken in the interest of engineering in the navy by the establishment of conditions by which there may be competition in economical achievements of steam. These contests are arranged between battle ships, armored cruisers, torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats. They will be of great practical value and will contribute to progress in an important branch of training afloat. It will stimulate an effort in the direction which means a saving in fuel, although effort in that direction is strictly forbidden when it is at the sacrifice of the power necessary for the proper training of the personnel or the general health of the crew and efficiency of the ship. The winning vessels will receive suitable trophies, and money prizes will be given to the men of the engineer force of the successful ships, the shares ranging from \$15 in the case of chief petty officers to \$5 in the case of coal passers. This places these contests in a practical branch of work on a footing of the competitions in marksmanship with their gunnery prizes.

It has been found that nothing promotes personal interest in the details of training so much as these competitions with their prizes to the individuals. It creates a pride in the ship and produces a satisfaction with the result which is reached by industry, conscientiously and intelligently applied. The wider benefit of this process is received by the men of the fire-room force and the knowledge gained from a trial of the methods. It is the development of naval engineering in its relation to steaming of ships and the speed of vessels that must be of great assistance to the fleet in time of war.

"If the members of the legislature will study—" begins the Savannah News. Perhaps they do not want to bother about that until after adjournment.

"Is there any chance that five-dollar bills will be smaller if congress raises the tariff on paper?" inquires the Milwaukee Sentinel. Well, the chances are excellent that the quantity of flour they purchase will be noticeably smaller.

King Menelik is dead again. About the only person extant who has outlived his majesty is George Washington's last surviving body servant.

The more Senator Beveridge stirs the tobacco trust mess the worse it smells. By and by it will probably smell even worse than some of its own pipe mixtures.

INSECT PESTS

Mosquitoes and fleas. Toward these two undesirable citizens in insectdom scientific fingers of scorn are being pointed strenuously, and vociferous are the pleadings that humankind get rid of them at any cost.

A consummation most devoutly to be wished. But how? Aye, there's the rub. Nothing that we know of quite equals nets and screens. Make the mosquitoes and the flies keep their distance. We pay some tribute to comfort when we use screens and nets, of course. But we reduce that to a minimum the while we exact a maximum of good from the bettered condition their use insures.

Nets and screens are without the reach of some people, unfortunately. And they hate mosquitoes no less than those more favorably situated in the matter of avoiding that quality of trouble physical contact with these particular insects imposes. What shall they do? Aye, there's the rub again. Same old rub, in fact. We admit we find scant comfort for them in scientific suggestion. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that next to keeping the mosquitoes and flies out of the house entirely is giving them something bad to smell. Hence this tip from the department of agriculture:

"To one ounce of cedar add two ounces of oil of citronella and two ounces of spirits of camphor. Saturate a rag with this upon retiring and lay it across the face. Also sprinkle a few drops around on the sheets and pillows."

We are advised that thus safeguarded no mosquito or fly, no matter how abandoned, will dare approach within twenty feet of us. We believe it; and we do not blame the mosquitoes or the flies, either! They would be foolish to venture within forty feet of us thus perfumed; or even fifty. We should think they would much prefer to be in the next county. Did you ever smell that mixture? No! Well, don't. Get some good, kind, gentle-natured friend to try it for you, and then tell you about it. It may terminate a friendship, but it will supply you some valuable information.

But what shall the poor, screenless, netless sleeper do? ask you. Swat 'em. That is all we can think of that we can guarantee.

"We have been mighty careful about saying anything about our devotion to cherry pie this year, for fear Senator Aldrich might see it, and put it in the prohibitive schedule," says the Ohio State Journal. Perhaps the senator is willing to admit that even he is a consumer of that specific article.

"A tame tiger named Roosevelt took a bite out of its keeper's leg over in a New York zoo the other day," says a contemporary. That sounds probable enough, except the "tame" part of it.

That member of the Wisconsin legislature who talked thirty hours without stopping was evidently bent on demonstrating that there are plenty more where Senator La Follette comes from.

An astronomer believes there is one "large undiscovered" star, somewhere away off in space, that is gradually attracting to itself all the other stars in the universe. A sort of stellar John D. Rockefeller, so to speak.

NECESSITY AND AN INVENTION

Shakespeare in "As You Like It," admonishes us—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

We do not know. Some strange things fall out in this old work-a-day world, and stern necessity is the mother of many a curious and grotesque invention. Here comes the Literary Digest, for instance, and bravely shoves beneath our eyes bewildering and all but convincing testimony to show that whisky is not an antidote for snake bite, but is, on the contrary, an aggravating agent and a club in the venom's hand—brushing aside the matter of rhetoric for the moment for the sake of the otherwise emphatic picturesqueness of the expression as it stands. It must be admitted that this scientific promulgation knocks many an ancient and generally approved superstition galley west. Time was when no man was believed to be out of danger when bitten by any sort of snake, from the deadly rattler to the inoffensive blacksnake, before he had been rather liberally saturated with spiritus frumenti of any approximate degree of excellence. It is even hinted that some people in the world have kept trained snakes about the place in order that they might bite their masters at opportune moments now and then. That, probably, is not more than half a truth, however, so we will let it pass as not strictly relevant.

An Alabama man, hailing from the Sahara-like environs of Montgomery, goes the Literary Digest one better. He admits that whisky is the wrong medicine for snake bite—just as our contemporary contends—but he adds that kerosene oil is a sure cure, if imbibed copiously and promptly. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," indeed! Why, this is worse than the German emperor's suggestion that tea be substituted for beer in the imperial army. One may forsake his cakes and ale for lady-fingers and tea—but declining a well-regulated highball, say, for a kerosene cocktail! Ye gods and little fishes!

The man of poise and common sense—he who takes the things the Olympian deities provide, and lets it go at that—has a profound and abiding respect for ingenuity whenever and wherever that divine attribute crops out rationally. Mankind in the main would agree, perhaps, of course, with diversified emotion, that whisky—whatever whisky is, anyway—should sensibly be regulated to the rear as an antidote for snake bite. But surely genius stimulated by evidence in prohibition territory—among other things—should be able to tender us something in its place more palatable than kerosene oil.

Are Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his associates alone to profit by this reform? Shall we set an octopus to catch a snake?

Now that Senator Depew has paid his railroad fare for once in his life, it will probably be necessary for him to go up in an aeroplane or down in a submarine to enjoy a little excitement.

What! The tariff on pineapples to be increased only 128 per cent? Why this rank discrimination against the lowly pineapple?

Of Passing Interest

Massachusetts Women and Ballot

There is in Massachusetts a society with the pretentious title: "The Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women." Its 14,549 members, all over twenty-one years, live in 263 cities, towns and villages. Its quarterly publication, The Remonstrance, calls attention to the defect this year of proposed legislation for woman suffrage in sixteen states. The Massachusetts legislature this year refused to propose a constitutional amendment for woman suffrage, an annually recurrent proposition, by the largest majority in fifty years. The society's publication concludes that Massachusetts women desire the ballot no more than they wish to smoke briar pipes. They have been repelled in part by descriptions of scenes in Colorado, where women, it is stated, have not played an altogether seemly part at caucuses and polling places.

Floral Celebration of the Fourth

A custom not only pretty, but presumably beneficial, is the distribution of plants and flowers to children on July 4. The distribution is made on the Common by the Floral Emblem society. It is not alone the children of the tenement districts who benefit by this benevolence, the children of the prosperous share in the distribution and carry home their attractive tokens as proudly as if they were valuable prizes. In many instances the mothers accompany the happy children. This agreeable ceremony, however, has no connection with the distinct effort to eliminate noise and fireworks from the celebration of the day, which seems to have made little progress in the city over looked by the monument on Bankers Hill.

Supreme Court Literature

There has been compiled at the Library of Congress a list of works relating to the supreme court of the United States. The compilation is the work of Mr. H. H. B. Meyer, chief bibliographer. The list is in four sections, and contains sufficient material for a study of the history and functions of the highest judicial body of the republic. The sections include general works of the court, United States reports, digests, and biographies of the chief justice and associate justices, with reference to their more important writings. A projected second edition may include the literature produced by the earlier justices. It is anticipated that this compilation will be highly appreciated by the legal profession and by publicists generally.

American Rats Invade Canada

It appears that while immigration of industrious human beings from the United States is welcomed in Winnipeg, a contemporaneous invasion of destructive rats is causing alarm to grain growers. All the municipalities near the border are following the example of the board of control of Winnipeg and are trying to devise a general plan to meet a situation regarded as alarming. Hitherto the grain belt of Western Canada has been free from this plague. The deputy minister of agriculture is making a careful investigation of the subject along the international boundary and will make a report to the government. Can it be possible that the rat will yet become a cause of international conference? It would be interesting to know whether the farmers of the states south of the border, whence these rats have migrated, are suffering also from their depredations.

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

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